

SPACE	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	4 w.	5 w.	6 w.	7 w.	8 w.	9 w.	10 w.	1 m.	1 y.
1 inch	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
2 inch	20	40	60	80	100	120	140	160	180	200	220	240
3 inch	30	60	90	120	150	180	210	240	270	300	330	360
4 inch	40	80	120	160	200	240	280	320	360	400	440	480
5 inch	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500	550	600
6 inch	60	120	180	240	300	360	420	480	540	600	660	720
7 inch	70	140	210	280	350	420	490	560	630	700	770	840
8 inch	80	160	240	320	400	480	560	640	720	800	880	960
9 inch	90	180	270	360	450	540	630	720	810	900	990	1080
10 inch	100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1100	1200

Transient and Legal advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Local and Special Notices, 10 cents a line.
All letters in relation to business in any way connected with the office should be addressed to the Publishers and Proprietors.
ALLISON & PERKINS.

Business Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
District Judge
N. A. Allen
County Clerk
Wm. Thresher
County Treasurer
H. A. Needham
Register of Deeds
G. M. Brown
County Attorney
J. H. Richards
County Surveyor
J. E. Bryan
Superintendent Public Schools
J. L. Woodin
Sheriff
J. A. Rhodes
Commissioners
D. Horvill
A. W. Howland
Isaac Bonbrake

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor
W. C. Jones
Police Judge
G. W. Apple
N. F. Allen
Councilmen
J. H. Richards
W. H. Richards
C. M. Simpson
Treasurer
John Francis
Clerk
James Simpson
Street Commissioner
John H. Willis
Marshal

CHURCHES.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Corner of Jefferson and Broadway St.
Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7 p. m.
H. K. Muth, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Corner Madison avenue and Western street.
Services 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

BAPTIST.
On Sycamore street. Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Church meeting at 2 p. m. on Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. Sabbath School at 9 a. m. C. T. Floyd, Pastor.

Secret Societies.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 38.
A. F. & A. Masons meet on the first and third Saturdays in every month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. FALCOTT, W. M. J. N. WHITE, Sec'y.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 21.
I. O. of Odd Fellows hold their regular meetings every Tuesday evening, in their hall, next door north of the post office. Visiting brethren in good standing are invited to attend. C. M. SIMPSON, N. G. W. C. JONES, Sec'y.

Hotels.

LELAND HOUSE.
B. D. ALLEN, Proprietor, IOLA, KANSAS.
This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for travelers to stop. No pains will be spared to make the guests of the Leland feel at home. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.

CITY HOTEL.
RICHARD PROCTOR, Proprietor, Iola, Kansas. Single meals 25 cents. Day boarders one dollar per day.

Attorneys.

NELSON F. ACHERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Allen county, Kansas. Has the only full and complete set of Abstracts of Allen county.

MURRAY & RICHARDS,
ATTORNEYS AND SUNDRIES AT LAW.
Money in sums from \$20.00 to \$5,000 loaned on long time upon Improved Farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Nessio counties.

Miscellaneous.

L. L. LOW,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER, Iola, Kansas.
Cries sales in Allen and adjoining counties.

M. DEMOSS, M. D.,
OFFICE over Jas. Francis & Co.'s Drug Store.
Residence on Washington avenue, 2nd door south Nessio street.

H. A. NEEDHAM,
COUNTY CLERK. Conveyancing carefully done, and acknowledgements taken. Maps and plans neatly drawn.

J. N. WHITE,
UNDERTAKER, Madison avenue, Iola, Kansas. Wood coffins constantly on hand and hearse always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.

J. E. THORP,
BARBER SHOP on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Northrup's. Wood, Coal, Potatoes, Corn and Hickory Nuts taken in exchange for work.

H. REIMER,
TAILOR, Iola, Kansas. Scott Brother's old stand. Clothing made to order in the latest and best styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cleaning and repairing done on short notice.

D. F. GIVENS,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND CLOCK REPAIRER, at the postoffice, Iola, Kansas. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Gold pen and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

Richards & Cowan

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES.

Glassware,
Queensware,
Notions, &c.

We keep a full assortment of Breadstuffs consisting of
FLOUR,
CORN MEAL,
Buckwheat and Graham Flour.

SALT,
In all quantities, from a Barrel to a Car load.

WE PAY The Highest Market Price, in Cash, for all kinds of Country Produce.
South Side Public Square, Iola, Kansas.

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?
What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up the stairs
With unusual clatter.

Now he bursts into the room,
Solely as a rocket:
"Auntie, I am five years old—
And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes are round and bright as stars;
Hearts that apple glowing;
Heart that this new treasure fills
Quite to overflowing.

"Jack may have his squeaking boots;
Kate may have her locket;
I've got something better yet—
I have got a pocket!"

All too fresh the joy to make
Empresses a sorrow;
Little hand is plump enough
To fill it till to-morrow.

And, ere many days were o'er,
Strangest things did stock it;
Nothing ever came amiss
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
Licorice sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies too;
And when Willie's snug in bed,
Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
Found a place within it;
He forgot what he had said,
"I want it just a minute."
Once the clock key was lost;
No one could unlock it.

Where do you suppose it was?
Down in Willie's pocket!
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S ODE.
READ AT THE CONCORD CENTENNIAL.

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?

Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,
The leaflets of the rose, the fair,
Grace of the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of life and of hall,
Bringer of life out of night,
Freedom, oh, father of all,
The daughters of Time and Thought!

She cometh, cometh to-day;
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sealing a truth through your clay,
Cadez the soul there, ye dead,
Her champions and chosen ones?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed gun?
The gathering buzz of the drums?

The bells that call ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamor on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honor,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered her in blood and tears
Valiant souls who should grow
Gladder for hundred years!"

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creatures of diurnal men,
For true hearts to love and cry for,
Many hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all enchantment haunt,
Eyes that make it seem to dance,
Smiles that glow with undying flame,
Looks that fortify despair;
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath:
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare?
Grace of woman ampler blown?
Modesty more winsomely?
Foster heart with wit full grown?
Oh, for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise her in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our heart, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust
And made us whatever we are!

Whither than moonshine upon snow
Her radiant life; but round her
Crimson-stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson—on those fair feet,
High arched, like, like, and fleet,
Fit for no greater stain than dew;
Oh, call them rather crimson than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory guarded pass,
Her haughty and fair shining head
She bows to the lowliest of men
With his imperishable dead;
Here, too, Margaret saw,
Where the Swiss lion fished his jaw:
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim Puritan tread;
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar;
Yes, on her feet are drier dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with unfeeling eyes.

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods
The seeds of unexampled things,
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognized,
A sylvan huntress cloaked and veiled,
To whose chase wants her bow sufficient,
Nor dreamed what destinies were here;
She taught them best to create
Their simpler forms of Church and State;
She taught them to endure
The past with other functions than it knew,
And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream
Of Fate.

Better than all, she fenced them in their need
With iron-hard Duty's sternest creed.
Giant Self's lean wolf that ravens woe and need.

Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud highway,
From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?
Why cometh she, who was not far away;
Since the soil touched it, not in vain,
With paths of immortal gain,
'Tis here her fondest memories stay;
She loves her pine-benched road-side
Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both England and her him
Who were the heart of Canaan;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
The Old Time passed into the New;
Where that stealthy river creeps
He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimed homespun deeds;
Here English law and English thought,
Against the night of England fought,
And here were men (co-equal with their fate)
Who did great things unconsciously they were great.

With that first answering shot: what then?
There was their duty; they were men
Long schooled the inward gospel to obey
Though leading to the lion's den;

They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their lives, and went they,
Unhappy who was last:
When Buttrick gave the word,
That awful idol of the hallowed Past,
Strong in their love and in their lineage strong,
Fell crashing; if they heard it not,
Yet the earth heaved,
Nor ever hath forgot.

As on from startled throne to throne,
Where Superstition sat or conscious Wrong,
A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown.
Thrice-ventured soul!
River more fateful than the Rubicon!
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,
Man's Hope, star girdled, sprang with them,
And over ways untrod the feet of Doom strode on.

Think you these felt no charms
To their gray homesteads and embowered farms?
In household faces waiting at the door
Their evening step should lighten up no more?
In fields their boyish steps had known?
In trees their father's hands had set
And with which they had grown,
Winning each year their leafy coronet?
Felt they no pang of passionate regret
For those unsold goods that seem so much our
own?

These things are dear to every man that lives,
And life priced more for what it lends than gives;
Yes, many a life, by iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet:
And yet the enduring light they chose,
Whose choice decides a man's life save or king—
The invisible things of God before the seen and
known.

Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on zone to zone,
For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky.
And where it lightened once from age to age
Men come to learn in grateful pilgrimage,
The length of days is knowing when to die.

What marvelous change of things and men?
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! These are her streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks and all that feels
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea:
By life tongues and busy brains,
By who do right and who refrain,
Here are our losses and our gains,
Our maker and our victim's pain.

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous
wine:
Better to-day who rather feels than thinks:
Yet will some graver thoughts intrude
And caress of noble mood:
They won then: who shall keep thee? From the
deeps
Where disordered empire o'er her ruins broods
And in a yonder hope wings its weak
wings,
I hear the voice of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing unconfined—
"I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge: I abide
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind.
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men, by culture trained and fortified,
Who bidden duty to sweet laws prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey,
Conscience my scepter is, and law my sword,
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter,
Implacable as God's word.

Like a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err,
Your fire-purged suns, my martyrs and my saints,
Shouts of that only race whose patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with permanence,
Ratified my chaste denials and restraints
Above the moment's dear paid paradise;
I have led, guiding with Time's gradual creep,
The light that glided down into your eyes:
The entire powers of ill we wink not sleep;
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steels or that one lies,
As if the dark could cheat those sleepless eyes,
Till the deaf fury come to your doors to sweep!"
I hear the voice and unfeigned bow;
Ye shall not be proven false now,
Heralds of ill, that darkening day
Between my vision and the rainbow sky,
Or on your left your hoarse forebodings croak
From many a blasted bough:
On Iglarsi's storm-swept oak,
That once was green, Hope of the West, as thou,
Yet pardon it I tremble while I boast,
For thee I love as those who pardon most.

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day;
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run!
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Billics as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring!
Dance in your joy, bells,
Shout cannon, cease not, ye drums.
Answer, ye hillsides and dells,
How, all ye people, she comes
Radiant, calm-fronted as when
She halloved that April day:
Stay with us! Yes, thou shalt stay,
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Nor to be courted in vain,
Not to be kept without pain!
Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kindler of deed and of thought,
True, that to but to hall
Equal deliverance brings
Souls of her martyrs, draw near.
Tough our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her, our faith, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And make us deserve to be free!

A Hundred Years to Come.

The Last Station.

He had been sick at one of the hotels
for three or four weeks, and the boys on
the road had dropped in daily to see how
he got along, and to learn if they could
render him any kindness. The brake-
man was a good fellow, and one and all
encouraged him in the hope that he
would pull through. The doctor did
not regard the case as dangerous, but
the other day the patient began sinking
and it was seen that he could not live
the night out. A dozen of his friends
sat in the room when night came, but
his mind wandered and he did not recog-
nize them.

It was near one of the depots, and
after the great trucks and noisy drays
had ceased rolling by, the bell and short
sharp whistles of the yard engines sound-
ed painfully loud. The patient had been
very quiet for half an hour, when he
suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:
"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back
from the cold forehead, and the brake-
man closed his eyes and was quiet for a
time. Then the wind whirled around
the depot and banged the blinds on the
window of his room, and he lifted his
hand and cried out:

"Jack-son! Passengers going north by
the Saginaw Road, change cars!"
The men understood. The brakeman
thought he was coming east on the
Michigan Central. The effort seemed to
have greatly exhausted him, for he lay
like one dead for the next five minutes,
and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if
life had not gone out. A tug going
down the river sounded her whistle loud
and long, and the dying brakeman open-
ed his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"
He had been over the road a thousand
times but had made his last trip. Death
was drawing a spectral train over the
old track, and he was brakeman, engi-
neer and conductor.

One of the yard engines uttered a
shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare
of the headlight had shown to the engi-
neer some stranger in peril, and the
brakeman called out,

"Yp slanty! Change cars here for the
Ed River Road!"
"He's coming in fast," whispered one
of the men.

"And the end of his run will be the
end of his life!" said a second.

The dampness of death began to col-
lect on the patient's forehead, and there
was that ghastly look on the face which
death always brings. The slamming of
a door down the hall startled him again
and he moved his head and faintly cal-
led:

"Grand Trunk Junction! Passengers
going east by the Grand Trunk change
cars!"

He was so quiet after that, that all the
men gathered around the bed, believing
that he was dead. His eyes closed, and
the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his
head and whispered,

"Do—"
Not "Detroit," but Death! He died
with a half-uttered whisper on his lips.
And the headlight on death's engine
shone full in his face and covered it with
such pallor as naught but death can
bring.—Detroit Free Press.

The Highest Mountain in the World.

For many years past Mount Everest,
in that portion of the great Himalaya
range which occupies the western part
of the strange kingdom of Nepal, im-
mediately north of India, has been re-
garded as the highest mountain in the
world.

It is known to the Nepalese as
Gaurisankar, but the English named it
Everest, in honor of a distinguished offi-
cer of the British Indian topographical
survey. Its snow-capped summit is 29,
002 feet, or nearly five miles and a half
above the level of the sea. Of course no
one has ever ascended it to this height,
but its altitude, like that of the other
lofty peaks of the Himalaya, was ascer-
tained by triangulation; and until the
present time it has not been supposed
that any higher land existed on the
earth.

If the news be true, however, which
has lately come to us from the more dis-
tant East, there is a loftier peak than
Mount Everest in the great island of
Papua or New Guinea. This vast region
extensive enough to form six States as
large as New York, is as yet almost
wholly unexplored, except along its
coasts. Lying close to the equator,
where the Indian Ocean and the Pacific
meet, it is the home of the cassowary
and the bird of paradise, a country grand
in its scenery, rich in its vegetation, and
abounding in curious and beautiful
forms of animal life—the veritable won-
derland of the globe. An attempt to
explore the unknown interior of the
island was made from Torres Strait,
which separates it from Australia, by
Capt. J. A. Lawson, in the year 1872;
and if we may believe his published nar-
rative of the journey, which has just
appeared in London, he advanced sev-
eral hundred miles inland, and about
midway between the north and south
coasts discovered a mountain 32,783 feet
high, which he named Mount Hercules.

The height of this mountain—over six
miles—is not the only remarkable thing
about it. Its apparent elevation is but
little less than its actual elevation; for,
instead of rising from a lofty tableland as

the plateau of Central Asia, it stands in
a comparatively low plain only about
two thousand feet above the ocean, and
this gives a clear rise of more than 30,
000 feet above the surrounding country.

The traveler standing at its base could
look up and see its snowy peak towering
30,000 feet skyward from where he
stood. Under such circumstances the
altitude of a mountain is appreciated.

Capt. Lawson tells us that he under-
took the ascent, formidable as it ap-
peared. He did not reach the top, but he
believes the achievement which he re-
lates is unparalleled in the records of
mountaineering. Accompanied by one
servant, he set out from the foot at four
o'clock in the morning. They passed
through dense forests in the first two
thousand feet of perpendicular progress,
found the limit of tree growth at eleven
thousand feet and by nine o'clock had
reached a point fourteen thousand feet
above the sea level—almost as high as
the famous Matterhorn. A thousand
feet higher was the snow line, and they
began to suffer from the cold. As they
pressed on, drowsiness began to overcome
them. "Nothing was visible but snow
of the most dazzling whiteness. Every
peak and crag was covered with it, and
it hung over the edges of the cliffs in
long fleecy masses." Their eyes were
affected by the glare, and they felt them-
selves growing more and more lethargic.

"At length blood began to flow from
our noses and ears," says Capt. Lawson,
"and my head ached in a distracting
manner. I saw that our only chance of
preserving life was to retreat without
delay, for we were in a pitiable plight.
Our lips and gums and the skin of our
hands and faces were cracked and bleed-
ing and our eyes were bloodshot and
swollen to an alarming extent. The
thermometer had sunk to twenty-two
degrees below the freezing-point, and the
air was so rarified that we were gasping
rather than breathing. We were falling
from our grasp, and we could not pick
them up again, so benumbed were our
arms and hands. It was now one o'clock
and the greatest elevation we had at-
tained was 25,314 feet."

They then turned back, descended to
the limit of the snow in three hours, and
arrived at their camp at the base of the
mountain about half past seven in the
evening. Thus, in fifteen hours and a
half, they had ascended an absolute
height of 23,000 feet, to an elevation
which we believe is greater than any
ever before attained by man upon the
surface of the earth, although balloonists
have occasionally gone higher.

These are wonderful stories, and the
reader may desire to know whether we
altogether trust in their authenticity
and accuracy. The fresh, spirited, and
interesting narrative in which we have
found them is published by one of the
most respectable firms in London, and is
put forth as a genuine book of travels.
The author's account of the flora, the
fauna, and the inhabitants of New
Guinea, contains much that is marvel-
ous, and that certainly has been hitherto
unknown and unsuspected. Some of
his statements, also, are difficult to re-
concile with our previously acquired
knowledge concerning the island. Under
these circumstances, his narrative is
likely to be regarded much as we would
view the testimony of a single, strange
witness to a startling fact; we do not
believe it, but we should like to hear
some corroborative evidence. This will
probably be afforded by subsequent ex-
plorations.—N. Y. Sun.

"Please Stop My"—What?

"Times are hard, money is scarce, busi-
ness is dull, retrenchment is a duty."
Please stop my—"Drinks?" "Oh, no;
times are not hard enough for that yet.
There is something else that costs me a
large amount of money every year which
I wish to save. Please stop my—"To-
bacco and cigars?" "No, no; not these,
but I must retrench somewhere. Please
stop my—"Ribbons, ornaments, laces
and trinkets?" "No, not at all; price
must be fostered if times are ever so hard;
but I believe I can see a way to effect a
saving in another direction. Please stop
my—"Tea, coffee, and needless and
unhealthy luxuries?" "No, no, no! I
can not think of such a sacrifice. Ah!
ah! I have it now. My paper costs sev-
enteen cents a month—two dollars a year.
I must save that. Please stop my paper!
that will carry me through the stringency
easily. I believe in retrenchment and
economy, especially in my brains.—Lib-
erty Blade.

A correspondent of the Department of
Agriculture, writing from Ashfield,
Conn., states that the principal incomes,
in that strictly agricultural town, are
from butter and beef. The butter
packed in circular boxes holding about
ten pounds, and costing eleven cents
each. It is sent, through the "store
keeper," to commission merchants in
Boston. The freight and commission
amounts to about three cents per pound.
In the winter, good lots bring producers
forty-seven cents per pound; the price de-
clines to thirty-three cents in the sum-
mer.

"I want to know," said a creditor
fiercely, "when you are going to pay me
what you owe me?"
"I give it up," replied the debtor, "ask
me something easy."—N. O. Bulletin.

The Death of Gen. Polk.

Sherman kept pushing his way down
toward Atlanta. It was in this campaign
that the Confederate Gen. Leonidas
Polk, who had been a Bishop of the
Southern Episcopal Church, lost his
life. The story of his death is one of the
dramatic incidents of the war, reminding
us of the death of the famous French
general, Moreau, who was killed from a
shot from a battery which had been fired
by a special order of Napoleon. On June
14 Gen. Sherman, in conversation with
Gen. Howard, observed, at the distance
of 800 yards, a group of Confederate offi-
cers, evidently watching the Federal
troops through glasses. Sherman called
Gen. Howard's attention to this group
and ordered him to compel it to keep
behind its cover. Howard answered
that his orders from Gen. Thomas were
to spare artillery ammunition. "That
was right according to the general pol-
icy," says Sherman. "I explained to him
that we must keep up the morale of the
offensive; that he must use his
artillery to force the enemy to remain on
the timid defensive, and ordered him to
cause a battery close by to fire three vol-
leys." One of these volleys killed Gen.
Polk. Gen. Johnson afterward explained
to Gen. Sherman the exact manner of
General Polk's death. He had ridden to
Pine Mountain, accompanied by Generals
Marble and Polk. He noticed the
preparation of Gen. Sherman's battery to
fire and caused the soldiers to scatter.

"They did so," says Johnston, "and he
likewise hurried behind the parapet,
from which he had an equally good view
of the position, but General Polk who
was dignified and corpulent, walked
slowly, not wishing to appear too hurried
or cautious in the presence of the men,
and was struck across the breast by an
unexploded shell, which killed him in-
stantly." "It has been charged," says
Sherman, "that I fired the shot which
killed General Polk, and that I knew it
was directed against that General. The
fact is, that at that distance we could
not even tell that the group were officers
at all. I was on horseback a couple of
hundred yards off before my orders to
fire were executed, and had no idea that
our shot had taken effect."—N. Y. Herald's
Review of Sherman's Memoirs.

Locusts as Food.

Yesterday afternoon Messrs. Riley and
Straight determined to test the cooked
locust question, in regard to its adapta-
bility as food for the human stomach.
Getting wind of the affair and being al-
ways in haste to indulge in free feeding,
we made bold to intrude ourselves on
our scientific friends. We found a boun-
tiful table spread surrounded by the
gentlemen named, accompanied by Mrs.
Straight and Miss Maltby. Without
ceremony there were five persons seated,
and we were helped to soup which plain-
ly showed its locust origin, and tasted
like chicken soup—and it was good; af-
ter seasoning was added, we could dis-
tinguish a delicate mushroom flavor—
and it was better. Then came batter-
cakes, through which locust